



OOMPH Volume 1

cover art: Lala Ferrero

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OOMPH Volume 1 is the first true print publication of OOMPH Press. We published a pamphlet in November 2014 for POÉTICA TRANSNACIONAL (a bi-lingual reading between Buenos Aires & Atlanta for The Letters Festival), but this is our first proper print collection.

OOMPH started on a front porch in Atlanta, was founded in Buenos Aires and has since spread to Rome. We have one aim: to find, translate & promote work from around the world, expanding our understanding of poetry and language, moving beyond what is "American" and ultimately exploring and showcasing literature that would largely remain unknown in the English-speaking world.

In this volume, we've got translations of a variety of contemporary female poets from Spain, Mexico, France, Argentina & Brazil, featuring English translations from Spanish, French and Portuguese, as well as beautiful cover art designed by Lala Ferrero. Translated out of the original languages by the OOMPH editors, we bring you a selection of a few of our favorite poets from the early 20th century up to today.

Specially created & designed for Atlanta Zine Fest 2015: Girls in DIY, we're proud to somehow still be a part of the Atlanta literary community, even though we're thousands of miles away. We're all thankful for the opportunity to be a part of a Murmur event, and even more grateful for the support from Laura Relyea & Vouched Books.

María Mercromina (Spain), "I WRITE NEST NOT CHEST NOT SKY NOT FLESH" (Trans. by Evan Leed)

1.

There is only one correct way to make a record of birds:

- the individual that observes and makes notes must always be the same
- the hands that grasp must always be the same
- the animals that are written down make their nests late or early
- in no case shall an animal be permitted to return from the sick notebook to the healthy notebook
- the birds and this body always were looking to fall
- men and animals always appear on the same page

2.

Thus the word chest, the word nest

thus this sequence of hands that have always passed over the same part of my body could constitute a narrative;

not a sequence of cries, not a sequence of spaces

because you will always take refuge in my chest which is an island
in my chest which is paradise

in my chest which is a cumulus of invisible milk, sweat, and blood

i who taught you with this part of my body to be hungry, am incapable of saying if they're asking me: young lady, say the exact, specific, singular area, tell me all the right names of vessels and veins, ganglions and lymph, muscles and fat, kinds of divisions and cells, but young lady, how do

you not know? we're talking about your own body after all
no, no, and no

but maybe i can tell him, sir, while you're looking carefully at this part of me this part of
cracks and fasting, this place where all the men in my life have nested: yes, my grandfather,
yes, my father, yes, my brothers, yes, the one who threw me down the stairs, yes, the one who
dirtied all the streets with the name of Arthur Cravan, yes, all the animals that i have fed like
the children i don't have, because you already know, mother,

i am an empty womb

i can't stand you writing about viscera and veins without having touched them, yes, i'm talking
about having your hands burning and soaked with blood, i'm talking about the final movements and
the heat of a body before it leaves. I'm talking about knowing how to point out in the same dying
organ the exact pain, the newborn hole. This is why, I'd tell you, if I asked you:

what would you say?

come so i can teach you to always be hungry

come so i can teach you about anatomy and animals

come so i can teach you what is true purity

come so i can teach you the song you must sing to death

3.

Because you all share this part of my body like birds
because i harbored all of you in the same place of my anatomy, and even if i only know about the
bodies and diseases of animals, i could equate myself with any one of them and say:

i have the heart of a cow

i have the teeth of a dog

i have the placenta of a mare

i have the milk-filled womb of a cat for the brood i invent

because i opened them up to learn how to determine in a concise and exact manner what piece of flesh i should touch so that a body doesn't spill out

this is why i'm telling you

that i,

that i fell asleep when i was breastfeeding you, that i have been sacrifice and nourishment,
stubble and waste, salt and tears

i can tell you

again

the reason why you keep eating from me, yes, teachers, yes, lovers

you have learned like that species of bird to only build your nests in trees you know are
getting ready to die. You have chosen that which hides and that which pulsates, the same tireless
infinite fluid the color of milk

while i cry to you

while, with my own body,

i am feeding you

María Mercromina (Spain), "ESCRIBO NIDO NO PECHO NO CIELO NO CARNE"

1.

Solo hay una forma correcta de llevar un registro de aves:

- el sujeto que observa y anota siempre es el mismo
- las manos que agarran siempre son las mismas
- los animales que se escriben tarde o temprano hacen el nido
- en ningún caso se permitirá el retorno de un animal del cuaderno enfermo al cuaderno sano
- las aves y este cuerpo siempre buscaron la caída
- hombres y animales siempre comparten la misma página

2.

Así la palabra pecho, la palabra nido

así esta sucesión de manos que han pasado siempre por la misma parte de mi cuerpo podría constituir una narrativa; no una sucesión de gritos, no una sucesión de espacios

porque siempre vosotros os refugiáis en mi pecho que es isla
en mi pecho que es paraíso

en mi pecho que es cúmulo de leche invisible, sudor y sangre

yo que os enseñé con esta parte de mi cuerpo a tener hambre, soy incapaz de decir si me preguntan: señorita diga la región exacta, concreta, única, señorita, dígame todos los nombres correctos de vasos y venas, ganglios y linfa, músculos y grasa, tipo de divisiones y de células, pero señorita, ¿cómo qué no lo sabe? si estamos hablando de su propio cuerpo

no, no, y no

pero quizás puedo decirle, señor, mientras mira atentamente esta parte de mí esta parte de grieta y ayuno, este sitio donde anidaron todos los hombres de mi vida: sí mi abuelo, sí mi padre, sí mis hermanos, sí él que me tiró escaleras abajo, sí él que ensuciaba todas las calles con el nombre de Arthur Cravan, sí todos los animales que he alimentado como los hijos que no tengo, porque ya sabe, mamá,

yo soy un vientre vacío

yo no soporto que escribáis sobre vísceras y venas sin haberlas tocado, sí, hablo de tener las manos ardiendo y empapadas de sangre, hablo de los últimos movimientos y de lo caliente que está un cuerpo antes de marcharse. Hablo de saber señalar en el mismo órgano moribundo el dolor exacto, el agujero recién nacido. Por eso, os digo, sí os preguntara:

¿qué diríais?

venid que yo os enseñaré a tener siempre hambre

venid que yo os enseñaré sobre anatomía y animales

venid que yo os enseñaré qué es la verdadera pureza

venid que yo os enseñaré qué canción hay que cantarle a la muerte.

3.

Porque vosotros con esta parte de mi cuerpo os comportáis como pájaros porque a todos vosotros os cobijé en la misma región anatómica, y aunque solo sepa de cuerpos y enfermedades de animales, podría equipararme con cualquiera de ellos y decir:

tengo el corazón de vaca

tengo los dientes de un perro

tengo la placenta de una yegua

tengo el vientre lleno de leche de gato para las crías que invento

porque yo los he abierto para aprender a delimitar de manera concisa y exacta qué trozo de carne debo tocar para que un cuerpo no se derrame

por eso os digo

que yo,

que me he quedado dormida mientras os amamantaba, yo que he sido ofrenda y alimento, rastrojo y desperdicio, sal y lágrima

puedo deciros

otra vez

la razón por la que seguís comiendo de mí, sí profesores, sí amantes

habéis aprendido como esa especie de pájaro a construir solo el nido en árboles que sabéis que se preparan para morir. Habéis elegido lo que se esconde y lo que hace latir, el mismo fluido incansable infinito del color de la leche

mientras os lloro

mientras con mi propio cuerpo

os doy de comer.

What we talk about when we don't talk about love
in other words a body alone on a bed
a lover that leaves and doesn't return
a lover that makes love numb like a fish
silent like a fish
deaf like a
Fish that shakes from pain in the empty bed
whose hands and sex fill up with blood
who fills up with nostalgia for the red
sea like the first sea where God was born
What we talk about when we don't talk about love
is called sex
and its skin is transparent like water
and its voice is an eruption of sperm
but there's nothing inside it
Its name is a void that cradles the silence
the silence of two bodies that share fluids
fluids like Coca Colas in the mouths of two chil-
dren
children that are afraid of that darkness
The darkness where love lives like a wolf
a one-eyed man
a killer
always preying on us with the sweet hope
of having someone to kill
What we talk about when we don't talk about love
is called fear
its red eyes sparkle in the still orgasm
in the sad sperm that hangs
sticky and white
in the silence of a bedroom

Lo que hablamos cuando no hablamos de amor
es decir un cuerpo solitario en una cama
un amante que se va y no regresa
un amante que hace el amor entumido como un
pez
silencioso como un pez
sordo como un
Pez que se sacude de dolor en la cama vacía
que se llena de sangre las manos y el sexo
que se llena de una nostalgia marina
roja como el primer mar en que nació Dios
Lo que hablamos cuando no hablamos de amor
se llama sexo
y su piel es transparente como el agua
y su voz es una erupción de esperma
pero no hay nada dentro de él
Su nombre es un vacío en donde se mece la
soledad
soledad de dos cuerpos que comparten fluidos
fluidos como Coca Cola's en las bocas de dos
niños
niños que tienen miedo de esa oscuridad
La oscuridad en la que vive el amor como un
lobo
un tuerto
un asesino
acechándonos siempre y con la tierna esperan-
za
de tener a alguien a quien matar
Lo que hablamos cuando no hablamos de amor
se llama miedo
brillan sus ojos rojos en el orgasmo quieto
en el triste esperma que flota
pegajoso y blanco
en el silencio de una habitación

Angélica Liddell (Spain), from *13 disposable poems* (Trans. by Alex Gregor)

I attempt to make a rope with the braids the spiders watch me from the dirty
corners from the top i never cared if my house was dirty or my heart was dirty
or my vagina was dirty but i washed them with bleach to not suffer so much

I am the place of failure to turn on the light i have to hit it i feel like
dying but i am so happy what other thing can I desire? the old die in
horrible hospitals and I lay myself down in a dark but calm house surrounded by calm
people like me the old sleep tied to the beds and i get up
to piss when i want many commit suicide it's entertaining the program on
television the old shitting themselves still i perfume myself they smell good, my muddy
sheets.

I wake up in the kennel on top of a pillow of excrement i'm so
abandoned so old so lost animal still, i have dreamt of simple porcelain

Angélica Liddell (Spain), de *13 poemas desechables*

Intento hacer una sogá con las trenzas las arañas me observan desde las esquinas
sucias desde lo alto nunca me importó tener la casa sucia ni mi corazón sucio
ni mi vagina sucia pero me duchaba con lejía para no sufrir demasiado

Soy el lugar del fracaso para encender la luz he de golpearla tengo ganas de
morirme pero estoy tan alegre ¿qué otra cosa puedo desear? los viejos mueren en hospitales
horribles y yo me acuesto en una casa oscura pero tranquila rodeada de gente tranquila
como yo los viejos duermen atados a las camas y yo me levanto
a orinar cuando quiero muchos se suicidan es entretenido el programa de
television esos viejos cagones todavía me perfume huelen bien mis sábanas encenagadas.

Me despierto en la perrera sobre una almohada de excrementos tan
abandonada soy tan vieja tan animal perdido aun así he soñado con sencillas porcelanas

THREATEN

Threaten everyone.

With your legs with your eye, threaten everyone. When you turn your eyes in your head and your head looks like one person alone, you have to threaten everyone, so threaten, threaten. If the first one that passes surpasses the first one that passes surpasses the first one that passes, threaten. If you fall asleep and your neck rests on the shoulder of a dead person, then threaten, threaten. if your fingers are only fingers because fingers are only fingers, but if your fingers are not fingers because a finger is not a finger but a finger is only a finger, then threaten everyone. If it doesn't come back, the word doesn't come back, the word that you should have kept never came back, if it didn't come back, threaten. Threaten your body, threaten to distract yourself, threaten the skin of those who have skin, threaten their bodies and threaten. Threaten everyone, threaten the world just like it deserves, just like it deserves threaten, threaten in your bed, threaten your mouth, threaten.

Threaten everyone who spoke to you, threaten, everyone who came to speak about something else, threaten, everyone who never spoke about anything else, threaten, poetry is not rhythm, threaten, poetry is not held to rhythm, threaten, poetry

MENACE

Menace tout le monde.

Avec tes jambes avec ton œil, menace tout le monde. Quand tu tournes tes yeux dans ta tête et que ta tête ressemble à une personne seule, il faut menacer tout le monde, alors menace, menace. Si le premier qui passe dépasse le premier qui passe dépasse le premier qui passe, menace. Si tu t'endors et que ton cou se penche sur l'épaule d'une personne morte, alors menace, menace. Si tes doigts ne sont que des doigts parce que les doigts ne sont que des doigts, mais si tes doigts ne sont pas des doigts parce que le doigt n'est pas le doigt mais que le doigt n'est que le doigt, alors menace tout le monde. Si ça ne revient pas, le mot ne revient pas, le mot que tu devais garder n'est jamais revenu, s'il n'est pas revenu, menace. Menace-toi le corps, menace pour te distraire, menace la peau de ceux qui ont de la peau, menace leur le corps et menace. Menace tout le monde, menace le monde comme il le mérite, comme il le mérite menace, menace dans ton lit, menace-toi la bouche, menace.

Menace tout ce qui t'ont parlé, menace, tous ceux qui sont venus parler pour d'autres, menace, tout ceux qui n'ont jamais parlé pour d'autres, menace, la poésie n'est pas le rythme, menace, la poésie n'est pas tenue du rythme, menace, la poésie n'est pas seule le rythme, menace, tout le sang n'est

is not rhythm alone, threaten, all the blood is
not alone in the rhythm, threaten, the blood comes
out through our chests, do not threaten it, all
the blood that comes out of the

animals' chests, do not threaten it, the blood
that you cook, do not threaten it, because it
threatens you, it's because it threatens you,
it's because it threatens you, you don't threaten,
sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, to sleep, to sleep, to
sleep, sleep, to sleep.

Put everything we have become to sleep, everything
we have become. Nothing happens within a stone.
Everything we have become. So numerous, so
numerous in the street. Maybe we were trees, so
maybe we were trees, so we were certainly trees,
so we were maybe trees in the canebière, we were
cannabis trees, so everything that we are is
everything that we are today.

and i was an old and lonely child
and i was a child like any other child
and i was a hard and dry child
and my eyes were black
i talked to the animals
and i did not love you
you are natural people
you are natural and you live life like it can be
lived
like it can be lived now
with the sense of life

Threaten.

pas seul dans le rythme, menace, le sang nous sort
par le ventre, ne le menace pas, tout le sang qui
sort par le ventre des animaux, ne le menace pas,

le sang que tu cuisines, ne le menace pas, parce
qu'il te menace, c'est parce qu'il te menace,
c'est parce qu'il te menace, tu ne menaces pas,
couche, couche, couche, couche, coucher, coucher,
coucher, couche, coucher.

Couche ce que nous sommes devenus, tout ce que
nous sommes devenus. Il ne se passe rien dans une
pierre. Tout ce que nous sommes devenus. Si
nombreux, si nombreux dans la rue. Nous étions
peut-être des arbres, alors que nous étions
peut-être des arbres, alors que nous étions
certainement des arbres, alors que nous étions
peut-être des arbres de la canebière, nous étions
les arbres de cannabis, alors que tout ce que nous
sommes est tout ce que nous sommes aujourd'hui.

et j'étais un enfant vieux et seul
et j'étais un enfant comme n'importe quel enfant
et j'étais un enfant dur et sec
et mes yeux étaient noirs
je parlais aux animaux
et je ne vous ai pas aimés
vous êtes des personnes naturelles
vous êtes naturels et vous vivez la vie comme on
peut la vivre
comme on peut la vivre maintenant
avec le sentiment de la vie

Menace.

Paola Llamas Dinero (Mexico), "Sentence" (Trans. by Evan Leed)

My body is a road to hell
this is not true
I exaggerate.

My body is a road

To somewhere

That I don't know.

My body is a black pit in space
unknown to me
and I want to know what to do with it.

I call it
look at the mirror and not recognize myself
i call it woman,
i call it they're killing us with an infected ice pick
49kilograms 1.53
gastritis
nipple soreness from the cold
varicose vein on the left leg
and i'm afraid of being a mother
even if it's a sin
and they have to crucify me
i'm afraid of being a mother.
My feet are freezing cold.

I call it Godzilla
and the sea sounds beautiful on a whatsapp audio,
garbage doesn't
garbage doesn't, only the sea,
i call it the roar of a porous rock struck by
water and my face is covered in salt, i was born like this,
father and mother love each other as they live in my cracking knees
crack-ing

I call it fire
fire
fire
fire
help me
i don't want to die burned
turn to ash and my body.
Nobody recognizes it.

Dinero lived in me for a long time,
it seems fortunate
i don't know
if later
maybe nothing.

My body is a vegetable from the vegetarian planet of death
death and sometimes i call myself me
i call myself ridiculousgrasseater
it's not that cold
and dog meat is bad,
i call myself Instagram account and
i don't know how to use Twitter
how shameful
it should make you feel ashamed
and it doesn't matter.

I call myself I have rights because I was born in 1992
and i'm in style
i call myself vintage
i call myself pop
i call myself pastel colors and twister the hot spot
i call myself tamagotchi
and since then in China they've called me a user.

My body was born in 1992
and it's made me feel ashamed
since i don't know when,
and the sentence
and the fire
i don't know if my body can resist.

My body is
my body is
my body is
a black pit in space
unknown to me
and i want to know what to do with it.

Paola Llamas Dinero (Mexico), "Sentencia"

Mi cuerpo es un camino hacia el infierno,
no es cierto
exagero.

Mi cuerpo es un camino

Hacia alguna parte

Que no sé.

Mi cuerpo es un hoyo negro en el espacio
que no conozco
y quiero saber qué hacer con él.

Lo llamo
mirar al espejo y no reconocerme,
lo llamo mujer,
lo llamo nos están matando con un picahielo infectado,
49kilogramos 1.53
gastritis,
dolor de pezón por el frío
variz de la pierna izquierda
y me da miedo ser madre
aunque sea pecado
y tengan que crucificarme
me da miedo ser madre.
Tengo los pies congelados.

Lo llamo Godzilla
y el mar se oye bonito en un audio de whatsapp,
la basura no
la basura no, solo el mar,
lo llamo rugido de una roca golpeada por agua,
porosa y tengo salada la cara, así nací,
papá y mamá se aman viviendo en mis rodillas que crujen
cru-jen.

Lo llamo fuego
fuego
fuego
fuego
ayúdame
no quiero morir quemada,
hecha ceniza y mi cuerpo.
Nadie la reconoce.

El Dinero habitó en mí desde antes,
parece fortuna
no sé,
si después
quizá nunca.

Mi cuerpo es un vegetal del planeta vegetariano de la muerte
la muerte y me llamo a veces yo
me llamo ridículacomepasto
no hace tanto frío
y la carne de perro es mala,
me llamo cuenta en Instagram y
no sé usar Twitter
qué vergüenza,
debería darte vergüenza
y qué importa.

Me llamo tengo derecho porque nací en 1992
y estoy a la moda
me llamo vintage
me llamo pop
me llamo colores pastel y twister candente
me llamo tamagotchi
y en China me llamaron usuario desde entonces.

Mi cuerpo nació en 1992
y me daba vergüenza
no sé desde cuándo,
y la sentencia
y el fuego
y no sé si mi cuerpo resista.

Mi cuerpo es
mi cuerpo es
mi cuerpo es
un hoyo negro en el espacio
que no conozco
y quiero saber qué hacer con él.

Norah Lange (Argentina), from *The Days and the Nights* (1926) (Trans. by Alex Gregor)

I.

The house emptied where so many times
the words set fire to the corners.

The night is anticipated
in the silent plane
that nobody touches.

I go alone from one memory to another
opening the windows
so that your name populates
the miserable stillness of this lonely afternoon.

Nobody immobilizes the long, closed hours any more
so much girlish modesty

And your memory is another house

And my heartbeats form a row of footprints
large and quiet
where I stumble alone.
they go from its door to oblivion.

I.

Vacía la casa donde tantas veces
las palabras incendiaron los rincones.

La noche se anticipa
en el plano mudo
que nadie toca.

Voy a solas desde un recuerdo a otro
abriendo las ventanas
para que tu nombre pueble
la mísera quietud de esta tarde a solas.

Ya nadie inmoviliza las horas largas y cerradas
tanto pudor de niña.

Y tu recuerdo es otra casa

Y mis latidos forman una hilera de pisadas
grande y quieta
por donde yo tropiezo sola.
que van desde su puerta hacia el olvido.

Olga Orozco (Argentina), from *Cantos to Berenice* (Trans. by Daniel Beauregard)

I.
Si la casualidad es la más empeñosa jugada del destino,
alguna vez podremos interrogar con causa a esas escoltas de genealogías
que tendieron un puente desde tu desamparo hasta mi exilio
y cerraron de golpe las bocas del azar.
Cambiaremos panteras de diamante por abuelas de trébol,
dioses egipcios por profetas ciegos,
garra tenaz por mano sin descuido,
hasta encontrar las puntas secretas el ovillo que devanamos juntas
y fue nuestro pequeño sol de cada día.
Con errores o trampas, por esta vez
hemos ganado la partida.

I.
If coincidence is the hardest play of fate,
At some point we'll be able to interrogate these escorts of genealogies
That stretched a bridge from your distress to my exile
And slammed shut the mouths of chance.
We will trade diamond panthers for grandmothers of clover,
Egyptian gods for blind prophets,
A tenacious claw for a hand free of indifference,
Until we find the secret points of the thread we wound together
Until it is our little sun of every day.
With errors or traps, for just this once
We have won the game.

II.

No estabas en mi umbral
ni yo salí a buscarte para colmar los huecos que fragua
la nostalgia
y que presagian niños o animales hechos con la sustancia
de la frustración.
Viniste paso a paso por los aires,
pequeña equilibrista en el tablón flotante sobre un foso
de lobos
enmascarado por los andrajos radiantes de febrero.
Venías condesándote desde la encandilada transparencia,
probándote otros cuerpos como fantasmas al revés,
como anticipaciones de tu eléctrica envoltura
-el erizo de niebla,
el globo de lustrosos vilanos encendidos,
la piedra imán que absorbe su fatal alimento,
la ráfaga emplumada que gira y se detiene alrededor de un ascua,
en torno de un temblor-

Y ya habías aparecido en este mundo,
intacta en tu negrura inmaculada desde la cara hasta la cola,
más prodigiosa aún que el gato Cheshire,
con tu porción de vida como una perla roja brillando
entre los dientes.

II.

You were not in my threshold

Nor did I go out looking for you to fill the hollows
of nostalgia

And the warning of children or animals made with the substance
of frustration.

You came step-by-step through the air,

A little tightrope walker on a plank floating over a pit
of wolves

Masked by the radiant shreds of February.

Blessed by fierce transparency

Trying on other bodies like backwards ghosts

Like anticipations of your electric covering

-wading through a burr of fog

The balloon of shiny down burning,

The lodestone that absorbs its fatal food,

The feathered blast that rotates and stops around an ember

Around a tremor-

And you had already materialized in this world

Intact in your immaculate blackness from face to tail,

Even more prodigious than the Cheshire cat,

With your portion of life a brilliant red pearl

between the teeth.

III.

Quiero pensar que no eras la cría repudiada,
hija de gato errante y de gata cautiva
—la pareja precaria, victoriosa en la ley de un solo acoplamiento
y sumisa al decreto de algún Malthus tardío que impera
en el desván—

Puedo creer que no eras trofeo ni residuo
arrojado al azar desde lo alto de la roca,
ni yo la tejedora que detiene con redes milagrosas el vuelo
o la caída.

Algo más que piedad, que providencia y desatino
erigió nuestra carpa invulnerable entre las carcomidas fundaciones.
Algo que comenzamos a saber entre un plato de leche
y huesos, sólo huesos de desapariciones, tan duros de roer.

III.

I'd like to think that you were not the repudiated baby,
Daughter of the wandering tomcat and the captive molly
—the precarious pair, victorious in the law of a single coupling
and submissive to the decree of some late Malthus that reigns
in the attic—

I can believe you weren't the trophy or the residue
thrown at random from the top of the rock,
nor I the weaver with miraculous nets that stops the flight
or the fall.

Something more than piety, that providence and folly
built our invulnerable tent among decayed foundations.
Something that we began to know between a plate of milk
and bones, lonely bones of disappearances, so hard to crack.

Marília Garcia (Brazil), "before meeting" (Trans. by Evan Leed)

to look for a wooden staircase that leads into the abyss
is something that can only be said in euskera
in a city cut in half by a river that lies
in the middle of both sides (when one
needs to leave
forever.)

but one day he shows up
with the question:

- what comes to your mind

when i say the word
love?

one day he comes down at midday
and looks. and one day he sees the cut of lilac
on the corner of the table when he comes back:
he says *jump. jump* outside.
and crosses by the corner looking for the staircase.
later he says that he wants to jump outside of this
song.

but one day he shows up with
the question:

- what comes to your mind when

i say the word love? and she answers
that love in japanese is /ai/.

suddenly
it is white, the lines grow more and more
fragile a seat placed in the middle of the scene
- illuminated square - and the longest sentence he says to me
in the last six months

*what does the red scarf that
itches all by itself mean?*
a bee, you think, but the scarf itching
all by itself a bee maybe an insect flying
strident incident to hear when he
arrives and sees the girl in the red
scarf
but now just the tremendous static and you take her
back to the seat:
- the static, you ask. *do you remember?*
she stays standing in the rain with your red raincoat
hoping it will happen

[here the phone
vibrates and an aside
to say that he is in berlin and it's far
he is in berlin and it's cold
he is berlin and it's almost
that his voice seems real when i
hear it but then he gets up and says something
about the *end* or about the *assent*
and an image from the film lights up the screen]

Marília Garcia, "antes do encontro"

procurar uma escada de madeira que dá para o abismo
é algo que só se pode dizer em euskera
numa cidade cortada por um rio que fique
no meio dos dois (quando um
precisa ir embora para
sempre.)

mas um dia chega
com a pergunta:

- o que vem à sua cabeça

*quando digo a palavra
amor?*

um dia desce no meio do dia
e vê. e um dia vê a peça lilás
sobre a quina da mesa quando volta:
ele diz *saltar. saltar* para fora.
e atravessa na esquina procurando a escada.
depois diz que quer saltar para fora dessa
canção.

mas um dia chega com
a pergunta:

- o que vem à sua cabeça quando

digo a palavra amor? e ela responde
que *amor* em japonês se diz /ai/.

de repente
um branco as linhas se tornam cada vez mais
quebradiças um banco parado no meio da cena
- quadrado iluminado - e a frase mais longa que ele me disse
nos últimos seis meses.

*o que significa um cachecol vermelho
pinicando sozinho?*
uma abelha, pensa, mas o cachecol pinicando
sozinho voando uma abelha talvez um inseto
estridente incidente para ouvir quando ele
chegar e vir a garota de cachecol
vermelho
mas agora apenas a estática tremendo e você a
leva de volta até o barco:
- a estática, pergunta. você lembra?
fica parada na chuva com seu impermeável vermelho
esperando acontecer

[aqui o telefone
vibra e um parêntese
para dizer que está em berlim e é longe
está em berlim e é frio
está berlim e é quase
ao ouvir a sua voz parece de
verdade mas então ele levanta e diz algo
sobre o *fim* ou sobre o *sim*
e toca na tela uma imagem do filme]

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